

# THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Vol. I.

RICHMOND, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

No. 37.

## GENERAL BEVERLY HOLCOMBE ROBERTSON.

Gen. Robertson was born at the "Coke," in Amelia County, Va., is a son of Dr. W. H. Robertson of that county, and is now in his thirty-sixth year. He entered West Point in 1815, and was brevetted 2d Lieutenant of the 2d Dragoons, 1st of July, 1840.

At the commencement of the present war, Gen. Robertson, for a number of months, was stationed in this city, as commanding officer of Cavalry, and by his skill and untiring industry did much towards the perfection of that important arm of the Confederate service.

After the death of the gallant Turner Ashby, Gen. Robertson was appointed as his successor, which position he held within a few months past, when he was ordered to North Carolina, where he is now engaged in active service.

Gen. Robertson is a brave and skillful officer, and commands, by his uniform courtesy, the respect and admiration of all who come in contact with him.

### LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—

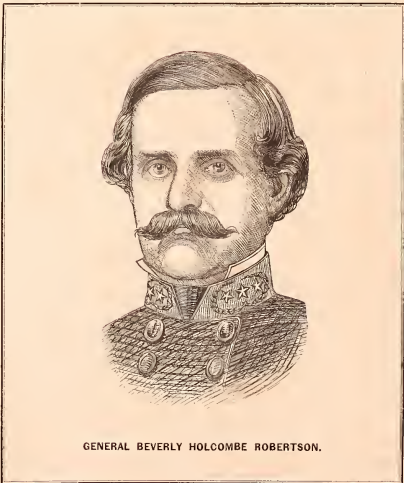
Fruits and flowers of all kinds are used to this day as a means of allegoric communication among a people so illiterate as the Turks. The rose is generally prized because the Moslems suppose it grew from the perspiration of Mahomet, and they never entered the portal of the dweller to wither on the ground. In all emblematical communications it is deemed the representation of beauty and joy; the orange flower symbolizes hope; the marigold, despair; the amaranth, constancy; the tulip, a reproach of infidelity. It is thus that bouquets of flowers, suited volumes, supply the place of letters, and the alliterate lover conveys to his mistress feelings as if sentiments which the eloquent written language could scarcely express.—In this manner slaves hold tender communications with their mistresses, even in the presence of their terrible master. The captive Greek is generally employed as a gardener; by an ingenious arrangement of a parterre of flowers, he holds mute and eloquent discourse with her he loves, even while his jealous rival and master is looking on, and his instant death would follow a discovery.

**ARABIAN DUTYSHIP.**—An Arabian having brought a blanch to a minister's church, by the carelessness of his girls, said to her, "My looks have pleased thee in your church; why forbid me to gather there? The law permits him who sees to reap a harvest."

"blistering and progress of the masses gathered down the street, on her way to the house of God.— There, too, is the grove within. Her step is firm, and a cheerful light beams in her blue eye, and gleams on her rounded cheek. She takes life as it is, bearing its burdens with sweet cheerful faith, making the best of everything, and finding in every trial "a blessing in disguise." And there she is, with her black robe, and red, sweet face. She is alone; but she is looking with earnest eye towards that better home where their circuit and time shall once again be overcast by the dark cloud of war. Oh! how many hearts are pining as I sit here. Mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, and brothers, all bearing in their hearts fond memories of the loved and lost. Precious dead! how say heart thrills as I think of you lying in your ancestral graves, far away from your own sweet home. Your graves are sacred and dear to every Southerner.

But the bell tolls the hour of eleven—the preaching time—and I must put on my bonnet and join the throng as they hasten to their different abodes.— Come, will you go to one of the glittering parson churches that meet your gaze on every side; or will you go with me to an old fashioned church, without pews? You hate pews. Well, here is Mr. K's church, not a very beautiful or picturesque one to be seen; but it is very plain, it has no organ and it has no pews, as come in and be seated. You need not take the trouble to go up in the "pew corner." You can sit anywhere, here. No one is ashamed to sit beside you, because you have on a plain calico dress and straw bonnet. Look around you now. No one might steal through painted windows; no organ hymn is heard pealing its grand notes around you; but you feel immeasurably happy as you look at the clear light falling through the spacious windows, and hear the sweet voice of the preacher as he stands up before you and tells you of "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The words melt into your heart as they fall from his lips, and your eyes fill with tears of peace and joy, and you feel that you love your Saviour and his dear people better than ever, and you say softly to yourself, truly this is the "Gate of Heaven to my soul." And so you leave that blessed home—bearing sweet memories in your soul which shall live on through all the countless ages of eternity.

LUCY PRYOR.  
Richmond.



GENERAL BEVERLY HOLCOMBE ROBERTSON.

Written for the Southern Illustrated News.

### FOREST LEAVES.

No. 2.—SUNDAY IN RICHMOND.

It is Sunday morning. The deep-toned bells are sending their solemn voices out on the still air, calling the people up to the Temple of the living God, and as I sit at my window, hundreds of gayly dressed people hurry past on their way to church. Look! There is the gay belle of eighteen, robed in all the elegant fashions of two years ago. How daintily she trips along with her flimsy silk dress trailing in the mud. And there, just behind her, see that dame, nice old maid; how quietly she walks, how calmly her shoes and her gloves fit, and how evenly white her collar against the dark ground of her plain dress. There is a Sabbath peace about and around her, and my heart follows her with a

Believing Guard.—A young girl who had formed an attachment to a soldier in the garden at Metz, in 1794, knowing that he was indisposed, and shipped to sea on duty on a sailing ship, during very inclement weather, went to see him, and finding him quite benumbed with cold, pressed on him to go and warm himself at her house, which was not far distant, while she remained in his place.—The soldier refused for some time, but at last yielded to her tender solicitations. The moment he was gone, she wrapped herself in the great coat, and began to walk. As she walked, with the frock on her shoulder. Unfortunately the road going by, the corporal asked her the order; which not being able to answer, she was detected, and taken to the guard-house. Her lover was immediately sent for, and being found almost dead, though before a good fire, he was revived by means of some cordial, and next morning sent to prison. He was afterwards tried, and pronounced to be the abettor of military law, condemned; but some intercession was made for him, that he was pardoned, and married to his faithful mistress.





Written for the Illustrated News.

## MEMORIAE SACRUM.

BY JAMES HARRISON ROBEY.

Alas! he's cold!

Cold as the marble which his fingers wrought,  
Cold, but not dead, for such words as the thought  
Of his, which he bore from the Ideal brought  
To life in stone.

Assess him immortality of fame.

GAY is not dead—

Only too easy

We saw him slink

Up to his pocket,

When there fell time

And coming generations, in the noon  
Of his full reputation, yet shall stand  
To pay their homage to his noble name.

Our Part of the Quarries only sleeps:

He chafes his gateway up the future's slope,

And now rests from his labors,

Himself, 'tis I say.

For him there is no death—

Only the stopping of the pains and breath.

But slumber breath is not the all in all—

Man hath it but in common with the brutes—

Life is in action, and in better pursuits,

By what we dream, and having dreamt, do do,

We look our places in the world's large view,

And still have part in the affairs of men.

When the long sleep is on us.

He dreamt, and made his dreams perpetual things,

Fit for the rugged cells of penitential cells,

Or halls of sumptuous kings,

And showed himself a poet in his art—

He charmed Lycius with a touch to love,

With such a tender beauty of his line,

That sweet songs broke out from every lip,

And Verso was audible in voices true.

His Psyche—soft in beauty and in placid grace—

Waits for ice lover in the Western breeze—

And a rare smile irradiates her face,

As though she heard him whisper in the trees.

Eusebio, and her vice-crowned hair,

Leaps to the symbol-necessitated dance,

With such a panion in her air—

Upon her loon—upon her lips—

As thrills you to the finger tips,

And fascinates your glances.

There are, as 'twere, two of his sang in stone—

The one full of the tenderness of love,

Speaking of morosio and the song-bird's call—

The other, of sad laughter and the tone

Of fatal music, in whose fire and fall

Swoit-faded dancers follow.

Nobler than these

Sweet Lycius dreamt 'neath the summer trees,

He's worked some life studies out, in part,

To leave them incomplete, his chiefest pain,

When the low pulch of his falling heart

Annihilated him of death.

Aye! he had scored upon a lofty wing

Wet with the purple and dew-drenched rain

Of dreams whose clouds had disencumber'd o'er his brain

Until it ached with glories.

If you would see the Epic studies, go—

Go with the student from the dim arcade,

Halt where the Statues\* stand in the hall,

And mark how courteous robes and fall,

And all light talk to cushion seats is brought,

When fringed with the web's tye of thought

He hinged for good Cararra.

View his Columbus. Here, grand and meek!

Pales in the bath's long prostrated trunk,

Faded and Svaldior stunged on his front—

A second Atlas bearing on his brow

A new world just discovered.

Go see Virginia's wise, majestic face,

With some faint shadow of her coming was

Writ on the brow, expressive, virgin new

Of her imperial forehead.

Just as though

Some disembodied prophet-had said,

The eagle'syph's child, that touch had held,

Pierced her coming tye of them.

Her crown and her great glory,

Thou of the man! but they are enough—

Enough to show that I have rightly said,

The marble's snow from him bids back decay—

He doeth long, but sleeps not with the dead

Who die and are forgotten ere the day

Traped over them back harked in the sun.

Thus much of GAY, the Artist—

Of the man

Pain would I speak, but in and sad such

A loss

N'er felt the weeks wandering to tell

How he was loved, or yet how well

He did deserve it.

All things of beauty were to him delight—

The stars' clouds, the turret roof apart,

The earnest glimmer in the noon of night,

Spoke with one voice unto his mind and heart—

His love of Heaven made his love of Art.

And had his span

Of life been longer, he had surely done

Such noble things, that he

Like to a starting eagle would have been

At last lost in the sun.

\* His Jeffersons at the University of Virginia.

Written for the Illustrated News.

## YULIA STANLEY'S GENIUS LIFE

BY AGNES WASHINGTON.

I was young when I left the little home, that since my parents' death, had been the home of Reginald and I. I was young in years, and untutored in the ways of the world, when I became a governess.

I trusted upon me, my new duties at the grand mansion of my *biere* with trepidation; but the sweet faces and gentle manners of my two pupils reassured me.

Sophie, the older, was a pretty girl—a plump, dark-haired, dark eyes, laughter-loving 'mairie,' with lovely dimples in her cheeks and chin, and with smiles ever creeping about her ruby lips and dancing eyes.

"Perfess her beauty was,  
Faintless her face,  
Winged as the breeze,  
So full of true grace."

Lydia, my younger pupil, was neither pretty or engaging. She was a stouping little girl, with slightly bent head, and homely face, half shaded by drooping curls of dark brown hair only claim to beauty.

Sophie was as the sunshine of the house, and Lydia was as the shadow. Sophie's words of childish singing cheered my drooping heart, and her peals of joyous laughter made my heart feel glad; and I prepared to love the little human fairy, in full of spirit and joy.

Mr. Roberts brought his own treasures to the room, which was to be the school-room, and where I was seated awaiting their arrival. I arose as he entered. Mr. Roberts was a mild, thoughtful looking man, with carefully kept a century arrived in years; his hair was thickly sprinkled with the honors of years.

"Miss Stanley, your two daughters, your pupils"—and he added, with a smile, for which in my heart I thanked him, "I am sure that they will love you, they could not do otherwise."

I now look back with a melancholy pleasure, with a smile and a tear, upon the hours spent as the governess of Sophie and Lydia Roberts; they dearly loved me, and I loved them. Such being the case, how could the time pass otherwise than happily.

At the end of my first quarter, Mr. Roberts announced himself perfectly satisfied with the new governess—Mrs. Roberts—the proud, elegant, and fashionable Mrs. Lacoste Roberts, said nothing. Silence with her was equivalent to being pleased.

Reginald, my noble brother, wrote to me that he was getting on finely in his new home, and hoped that it was happily situated. His brotherly loving letter was the only thing needed to fill to the brim the cup of my happiness. Yes, I felt that I was happy, because contented.

The days numbered into weeks, and passed on adown the river of time. I had been an inmate of Mrs. Roberts' grand mansion, and governess to Sophie and Lydia half a year, when I was that the hour and only one of Mr. Roberts was coming home. I had only heard the name of Leon Roberts mentioned once or twice by his little sisters, as travelling on the Continent; and it surprised me to hear that he was coming home. His history was related to by the housekeeper—a talkative matron, and a would-be matchmaker—not that fair, fat and forty. "Leon Roberts had wood, you and wedded a poor maid—poor in goods of the world, but rich in nature's wealth, beauty—against the expressed wish of his proud mother. His holy wife was a delicate being, and died shortly after the marriage—a wife—Since that time, three years before, Leon Roberts had been absent from the home of his boyhood, holding little intercourse with his parents.

The son was coming home. I sat alone in my room, hating dismissed my pupils. "He may come to-day, he may come to-morrow," thought I, "and my home a reunion of one who had been very dear to him—dearer than any of the home circle, and he will think of the time, the many times, beneath the soft beams of the young moon, he had held her hand within his own, and listened to her loving tones. But reality will bring him back from the past to the sober present, and tell him that the flame we see in the breast of her he loved, had been long extinguished by the hard heart of death; that death had led away with him the radiant form." I sang in a low tone, not repeating or wishing any ear to hear my song save mine own.

"And should he seek his once loved home,  
"Where is the child that crept into his bowers?"  
"Unborn, their clock reports he has been."  
"Culd is the heart within their bowers,"  
"So silent and like a shadow, they tread."  
"Wouldst thou still voices of the dead."

"Whose voice is that?" It was a strange voice, and he belonged to some one outside my door. "It must be young Mr. Roberts." My heart beat fast, but I was silent; and

in a few moments I heard steps descending the stairs, and I knew that he was gone.

It was dinner time: I must go down stairs and meet the gentleman who had occupied my thoughts. I had to go. I met him in the parlor just as dinner was announced, and, as soon as his father introduced me, he gave me his arm to lead me into the dining-room. "and do not look him in the face, when his father introduced me, for I remembered that he had heard my song, and I was overtimed here during dinner." At the dinner table I was seated opposite to him, and I was glad to meet my eyes. At last, the dinner was done, he spoke to me.

"I love you like my home, Miss Stanley!"

I raised my eyes, and looked, fathered, and, recovering myself, replied, and entered into conversation with the gentleman. He was of a slight, but elegant form; his air and manner were distinguished, but his kind, earnest look, that he had a word and look of kindness for all; a broad, intellectual brow, the dazzling whiteness of which contrasted strongly with his sun-burnt cheeks; his locks waving hair, eyes, soft and jet black, and a beautiful formed mouth, around which trembled sweet smiles. His eyes were glorious men, and several times I imagined that they gazed in my direction with an inquiring glance, and then I remembered my song, and I am sure I blushed until my face was very red. Mr. Leon Roberts smiled as if he understood why I blushed.

In the evening, after returning from an afternoon stroll with my pupils, I generally remained in the parlor, and performed on the piano or harp, as Mrs. Roberts desired—this was when there was no company.

I was agreeably surprised upon the afternoon of Mr. Leon Roberts' coming, of having our acquaintance, when Sophie said to me, "that her brother had had her tell me not to consider him, for he was merely at home. And she continued, 'you must not be angry, but his kind, earnest look, as usual, for brother is passionately fond of music.'"

The evening came, and I was in the parlor as usual. I did not offer to play, but I saw that the gentlemen were deeply engaged in conversation—speaking of a country across the sea. I sat in silence on one side of the room, the grand Mrs. Roberts sat opposite to me, and she was the lost note of Bulwer Lytton, and I listened eagerly to the rich music of his voice, and, listening to his tones, I drank in strong, rich music of love.

I was aware of the fact, and wondered when Mrs. Roberts, tired of Bulwer's tale, desired me to play "something lively," and as arose from his seat to lead me to the instrument, I threw a shoulder of joy now, through my frame, as his hand lightly touched mine.

His form and face appeared in my dreams that night. I was considerably surprised to find that he was at home, and did not grieve for the one he had lost.

Days and weeks passed on, and I found great pleasure in the country, and in the acquaintance of the gentleman, and myself in our afternoon strolls, and I even came to my school-room, to see, he said, how his little sisters progressed under my instruction. I was not only a governess, but a teacher—seen in Europe—of Rome, and of the artists there, and their works. I was delighted to listen to him. I would sit and listen to him in the parlour, and he would speak of his own life. I felt that this man of the world was attracted towards me, and found pleasure in my company. I often wondered how he could be so attractive in my simple ways, and not beautiful face, but it was with joy I heard that he had left it so.

I had been "governess one year"—had that morning received a letter from my brother Reginald—

"In a month, my dear sister, I shall be a married man, and will come and bring you to my home. You shall no longer be a governess for strangers."

Thus he wrote, and I sat in my school-room, with the letter before me, thinking of many things. My two pupils had not made their appearance. A shadow fell upon the written page.

"A letter from your brother's chosen?" exclaimed a voice I knew full well.

"Of course," replied I, in a serene tone, but jesting.

In a moment he was by my side.

"Yule, do you love another?" he asked, and let me know the truth.

"This letter," I said proudly, "is from one I love dearly as I love myself."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently.

And there I—will draw the curtain upon that scene! He told me, and loved me, even before he saw me—ever since he had heard me sing upon the day of my arrival.

Gladly linked my destiny with his.

Six months passed swiftly and happily, and then I became his wife.

"Twelve years to-day, since I promised to 'fore, honor and cherish' him. Before the world knew me, I had loved him, and now, nor do I ever look back, save with joy, upon the days of my home life.

Euse Cararra's address.

SOCIETY.—In the ordinary commerce of one human being with another, which takes place in the every-day routine of that old machine which is called society, especially in large cities, we are constantly and unconsciously led to regard the human beings with whom we are brought in temporary contact. A cynical said, that language was made to conceal our ideas; and this is true. It is not only in the expression of the human countenance was intended to convey false impressions. A great part of the truth is unspoken, because we are so much occupied with the things of the great part of our ordinary acquaintance, and our own selves "what are their views, purposes, opinions, thoughts, feelings, dispositions, and many well say with the old proverb, "We know not what we know." It is a moralist, poet, and philosopher. "We know not what we know." It would be feared, that if from society in general we were to take away all the words in word, look, and action, we should have nothing but a pantomime in dumb show, performed by very stiff automatons.











NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Southern Girl."—Because we happen to have published pictures of a few Brigadier Generals, it does not naturally follow that we have published the acts of the Generals. We publish them without regard to rank. A picture of General Van Dusen will appear as soon as it can be drawn and engraved.

"N. B. T."—We cannot furnish back numbers of our paper. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was not, as you seem to be certain, about the year 1808, in Richmond, etc., Va.

"Hilly Bluffs."—Yes. Our artists are now engaged on an engraving of the famous "Hilly Bluffs." The picture is from a photograph taken especially for us one week before his death, and is the only correct likeness of the departed hero now in existence.

The following contributions are accepted: "Spring"—"Lines" by S. "Government of the Alliance." The following are respectfully declined: "The World of the Cupids"—"Hopes of the Past"—"Summer"—"My Brother and I"—and three "Peans" by A. M.

THE DRAMA.

"All the world's a stage," And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts.

Two stars are glittering in the Dramatic firmament in the person of Mrs. F. E. VAWTER, an acknowledged favorite, at the "Varieties;" and in the person of Mr. T. M. HANLON, of the Central Hall on Broad Street—therefore,

"We once more to the Drama turn."

Mrs. VAWTER has greatly improved since we last had the pleasure of seeing her. She still has all her natural wit and power, polished with more than usual grace and artistic skill. She has appeared in a variety of favorite characters during the present week—ably supported by Messrs. KEANE and MORTON, and Misses HELEN MAYNE and JESSIE WALKER, assisted by numerous understudies, making quite a "sofie company."

But let us go up to the "Theatrical."

"Oh! my darling," What precious reason the wondering eyes invite! How we love Mr. HANLON, who is well known in this city, doing the leading business, supported by a company made up of all the "reds and blacks" which would have been many broken down theatrical companies—truly,

"A thing of shreds and patches!" Nightly the "offspring of the brain" of some departed author is brought before the footlights, and made to "wink and lead us gently."

"Tires the old galley, lull the listless pilot!"

The curtain descends, the musicals, with that good known melody to Christian, Fanny and Minnie strut forth, says something funny, in his own original and peculiar voice, bows and scrapes, and then withdraws through the stage door. Next, that excellent orchestra, led by LEWIS, gives us the ear with sweet and delicious music, and the performance generally concludes with a duet by the fascinating Miss MARY PARSONS. And so it is at the Central Hall, night after night, week after week, month after month. The intelligent visitor between while from the actors are half through with their horrible mouthing, more about the authors necessary, you, and we are half through with "Will this please your honors? Will it ever change hands? Will not some gentleman and discretion account the management, and make it his wire of rational management, where we may bring our wives and daughters, to see the good old plays which we have read so often, and which we admire as much as you. Yes, you will have much to say. Public sentiment will demand that we have a theatre where the legitimate drama is enacted, and we must have it, though it cost millions. Institutions that sustain the morality of the generation springing up around must be closed, and give way to those that foster and encourage virtue, learning and art.—Public sentiment demands that the theatre be vigorously upheld to the utter, nor withdrawn until some mass of corruption shall have been removed. It must be done now or hereafter.

Such clap-net of bad singing will avail nothing, especially when the designer is ignorant of his work, and makes a show of being a scholar, and then the Confucian Confessions, said when, too, the literary plot is surrounded by pompous ignorance who claim protection of the little Guelphian badge upon the water, keep them from fighting for the crown which they attempt to put upon a gladiator's head. We trust that when the literary is played in our city, and the glorious banner which has triumphantly waved upon every battlefield during this war, leave the banner which comes over our "scarce hills," the words will

doze by those brave soldiers who have gallantly fought and bled beneath its folds, in defense of our liberty, and not by a *dissonant* accord, with British protection papers in their pockets.

The living statue at Metropolitan Hall provokes the approbation and eulogium of artists and connoisseurs. The groups are divided into sculptural, architectural, and decorative. "The young man" expresses, "beautiful exuberance." Among the choicest productions of art at the Hall, are the first and reverse side of the Coat of Arms of Virginia, after the original designs. Cain and Abel with an angelic presence; the Creation of Sappho, an idealistic design; the Dead Drummer Boy, a picture of the present war of independence; and Fenian, after the celebrated model of the Knicker. We learn that the management are getting up tableaux on a more extensive and splendid scale, and which are, for the most part, original as well as beautiful. A *delusion*, in the shape of a representing dancer, has made her appearance after a long absence from the boards. She has a handsome face, fine person, great gravity, and with an abundance of what Tim O'Leary would call "Bile and nettles in her hair." Very varied, very interesting, is the nightly programme at Metropolitan Hall. The performances recommend themselves particularly to the ladies, as they are chaste, pure and superb.

A new drama of Prof. Hewitt, entitled "The Coercer; or, the Siege of Lexington," was performed Tuesday night, at the Savannah theatre, the principal characters being "Mary" and "John," a decided hit, and adds a new leaf to the chapter of the author's laws as a dramatist.

A friend who has just arrived from Yankston, furnishes us with the following:

THE LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

- Question. What is the Constitution? Answer. A league with hell—a non-obliterate. Q. What is the Government? Answer. A party of rogues. Q. What is the President? Answer. A general agent for rogues. Q. What is Congress? Answer. A party of rogues. Q. What is the purpose of the appropriation funds by Congress, and to what use have they been put? Answer. To pay the President. Q. What is an army? Answer. A collection of rogues to arrest white men and not negroes! Q. How many members of Congress supposed to represent? Answer. A. The President and his Cabinet. B. A general agent for rogues. C. A Pious green paper. Q. What is the Constitution made up of? Answer. A. The suppression of Conservative newspapers. B. What is the meaning of the word "liberty"? Answer. A. The right of the Secretary of the Navy? Q. What is a Secretary of War? Answer. A. A man who arrests people by telegraph. B. The Secretary of the Treasury? Q. What is the business of a Secretary of the Treasury? Answer. A. To destroy State Banks, and fill the pockets of the people with irredeemable U. S. shillings. Q. What is the meaning of the word "parity"? Answer. A. A man who loves his country less and the negro more. Q. What is the meaning of the word "traitor"? Answer. A. One who is a dickler for the Constitution and law. Q. What are the particular duties of a Congressman? Answer. A. To denounce any General who does not believe in the negro. B. To make the white man's Q. What is the meaning of the word "law"? Answer. A. The will of the President. B. The will of the Secretary of the Treasury. C. By the United States. D. By the United States Government either that the States which make up it? Q. Who has the State any rights? Answer. A. None whatever, except what the General grants. Q. Have the people any rights? Answer. A. None whatever, except what the President gives. Q. What is the *Ambrose* crew? Answer. A. It is the power of the President to imprison people. Q. Who is the greatest enemy of history? Answer. A. The President. Q. Who is the worst man? Answer. A. Abraham Lincoln. Q. Who is the Devil? Answer. A. The Devil.

YANKSTON, Nov.—It is a terrible thing when youth—the life of sport and enjoyment, the period which Nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for testing all the multitudes of great and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is crowded with sorrow and desolation, with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the motto bill of the youth (adult); for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off as the least weight of sorrow, like the scales of fresh snow. The body labors under its load more easily to anything than the mind, and privations twice or three endured are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing when the youth, in these moments of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathy, the soul eager to love and to believe—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others out of its own chosen material life with which Nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or know but to console, the blessed when when fate with the usual blow as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

Good News.—Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius will shine more brightly. It is the most valuable quality of the soul, and a revealing genius in a homely way. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, making the colors of the "light" and softening the hue of the dark; or, like a life in a full concert of instruments—stood, not at first discovered by the ear, but filling up the breaks in the concert with its deep melody.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—Dean Swift says the common fault of speech, in most men and most women, is the want of a variety of matter and security of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both phrases, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them, in; there are always ready at the mouth; so people turn faster out of church when it is almost empty than when it is crowded to the top.

TRUTH.—Truth is a messenger of truth, the herald of sincerity, the letter, the message, the message of history, and the teacher of faculty. Like the sun, it dispels the fog of night, banishes the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge in the world. The perception of truth, man, extends his intellectual vision, impress his heart with nobility, and his mind with thought, and colors his will with part and present conviction: it strikes down error, it strikes down and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

WITNESS.—It is a terrible thing when youth—the life of sport and enjoyment, the period which Nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for testing all the multitudes of great and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is crowded with sorrow and desolation, with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the motto bill of the youth (adult); for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off as the least weight of sorrow, like the scales of fresh snow. The body labors under its load more easily to anything than the mind, and privations twice or three endured are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing when the youth, in these moments of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathy, the soul eager to love and to believe—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others out of its own chosen material life with which Nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or know but to console, the blessed when when fate with the usual blow as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

GOOD NEWS.—Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius will shine more brightly. It is the most valuable quality of the soul, and a revealing genius in a homely way. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every color, making the colors of the "light" and softening the hue of the dark; or, like a life in a full concert of instruments—stood, not at first discovered by the ear, but filling up the breaks in the concert with its deep melody.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—Dean Swift says the common fault of speech, in most men and most women, is the want of a variety of matter and security of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both phrases, common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them, in; there are always ready at the mouth; so people turn faster out of church when it is almost empty than when it is crowded to the top.

TRUTH.—Truth is a messenger of truth, the herald of sincerity, the letter, the message, the message of history, and the teacher of faculty. Like the sun, it dispels the fog of night, banishes the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge in the world. The perception of truth, man, extends his intellectual vision, impress his heart with nobility, and his mind with thought, and colors his will with part and present conviction: it strikes down error, it strikes down and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

YANKSTON, Nov.—It is a terrible thing when youth—the life of sport and enjoyment, the period which Nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for testing all the multitudes of great and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is crowded with sorrow and desolation, with tears.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, THE HERO OF THE PRESENT WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE!

The book will contain a splendid illustration!

LITHOGRAPHIC LIKENESS.

Of the departed hero, taken from a set on one week before his death, by Mr. T. C. COLT, artist at the Marine Gallery. The artist has also a carefully prepared lithographic sketch, and will give a detailed account of his many bloody battles in which the distinguished general was engaged.

The work will be prepared with the greatest care, by the celebrated Paris engraver, and every effort made to render it accurate in every particular. The historian will find the work valuable as a book of reference, and as a work of art.

The book is now in press, and will be issued with the greatest possible speed.

With a desire to supply the great demand for the picture of Gen. Jackson, we have made the necessary arrangements with the artist, and every effort will be made to issue it, as soon as possible, after the publication of our Book, French map series showing it with a photographic likeness of the immortal hero.

GIHMAN'S TACTICS! GIHMAN'S TACTICS! WEST & JOHNSON, 103 MAY ST., BOSTON, Mass. New copy!—MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE VOLUNTARY MILITIA AND THE CONFEDERATE STATES. By WILLIAM HUGHES, of the Virginia Military Institute. New and revised edition of the first, best, fully illustrated.

WAR SONG BOOK. From the Publishing Express. "A Col. Wm. Gihman's Manual is the most thorough treatise on the subject of military war ever prepared on this continent." 40c. Up to date. The price of the piece will add to it in any part of the Civil Army.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. JUST ISSUED.—TANNEBAUM'S A. Rom. By Neville Tompkins (P.O. Box 175, New York); in two vols. of Lord W. ST. JOHN CANTERBURY. By J. W. St. John Cant. GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. HARRIS' RIFLE AND INFANTRY TACTICS. THE GREAT VICTORIES. By Mrs. C. B. GILBERT. A STRANGE STORY. By E. B. Walker. LYTTON. 25c. IN PRESS.—BALDWIN AND ROMANCE OF MORGAN AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. C. B. GILBERT. CAVALRY TACTICS. For the use of the Cavalry School of the U. S. Army. By Major-General Joseph Wheeler. THE DEEDS OF VICKSBURG. By Archibald Young. YANKS AND YANKEES. A Map. By Capt. T. T. Johnston. A. A. Hilditch & Co. Publishers and Booksellers, 25 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

TO COLLEGE, ACADEMIES, & A FINE ARTIST. PAINTING, drawing, book, etc., done to order in a particular manner. FINEST, and most complete. Address: J. W. GILBERT, 25 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

VARIETIES. Franklin street, below the Ballast House. The Best Company in the Confederacy. All the Talent of Richmond. Look at the array of talent! HARRY SAMPSON. WALTER B. GILBERT. CHARLES WOODSON. EDWARD B. GILBERT. MISS HELEN NAYNE. MISS C. B. GILBERT. MISS CHARLES WOODSON. MISS WALTER B. GILBERT. MISS WALTER B. GILBERT. MISS WALTER B. GILBERT.

PANTECHNOPTOMI METROPOLITAN HALL!

LEE MALLOY, Acting Manager. BRILLIANT SUCCESS! CHANGING PROGRAMME, EACH EVENING. Will be presented Lou May's Magnificent Work ART.—JACKSON CROSSING THE POTOMAC! Also, the heroic American Spectator. THE VIRGINIA. And this wonderful PANTHECHNOPTOMI OFFICER and his PATRIOT HOME. MISS HELEN NAYNE. MISS CHARLES WOODSON. MISS WALTER B. GILBERT. MISS WALTER B. GILBERT.

THE "STEP-STEER," A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

The three popular and highly esteemed comedies, each now first published, and each having been long since fully revised and amended by the author. The price of the book is only 25c. Address to the publishers, 25 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.